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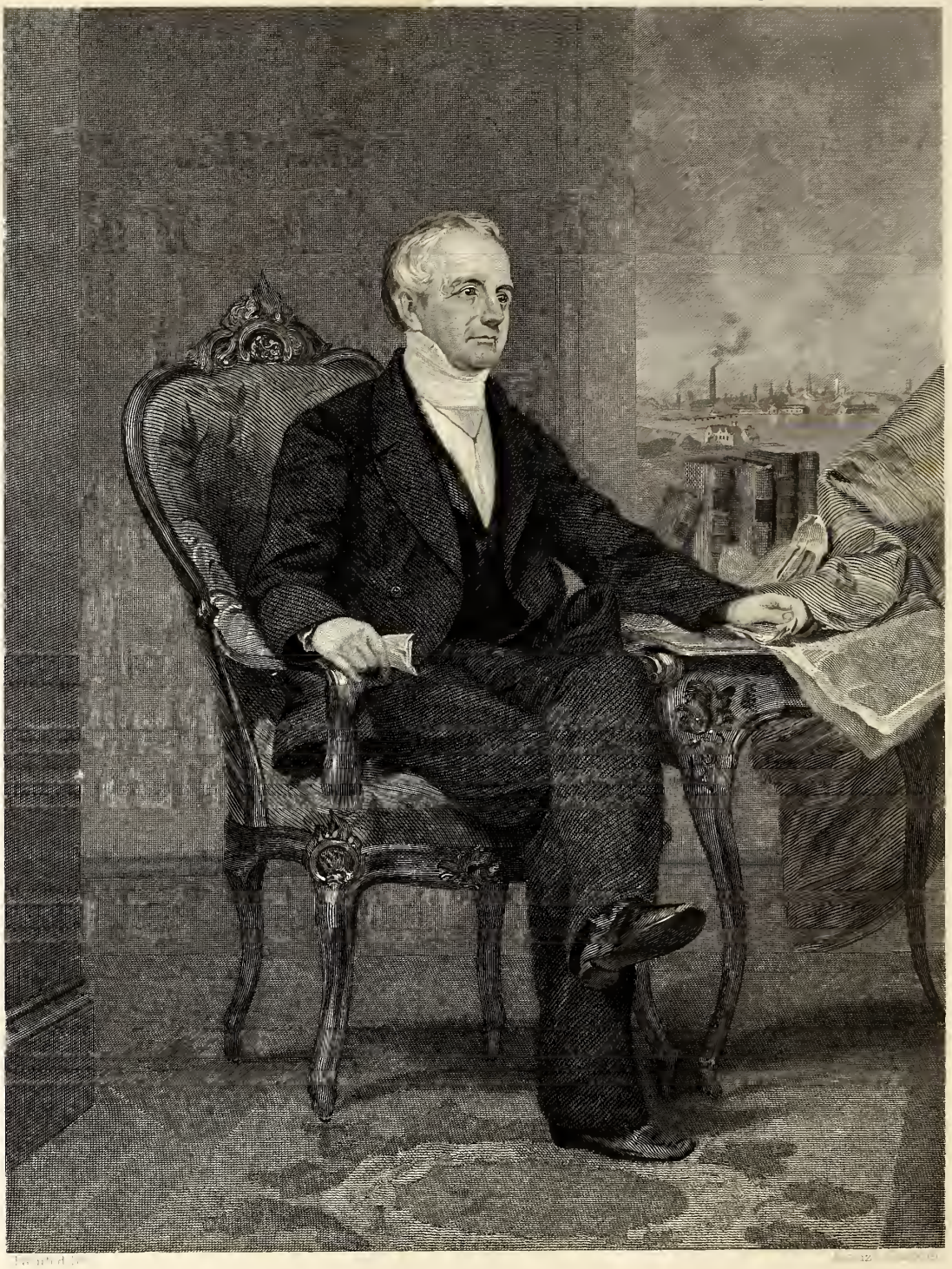

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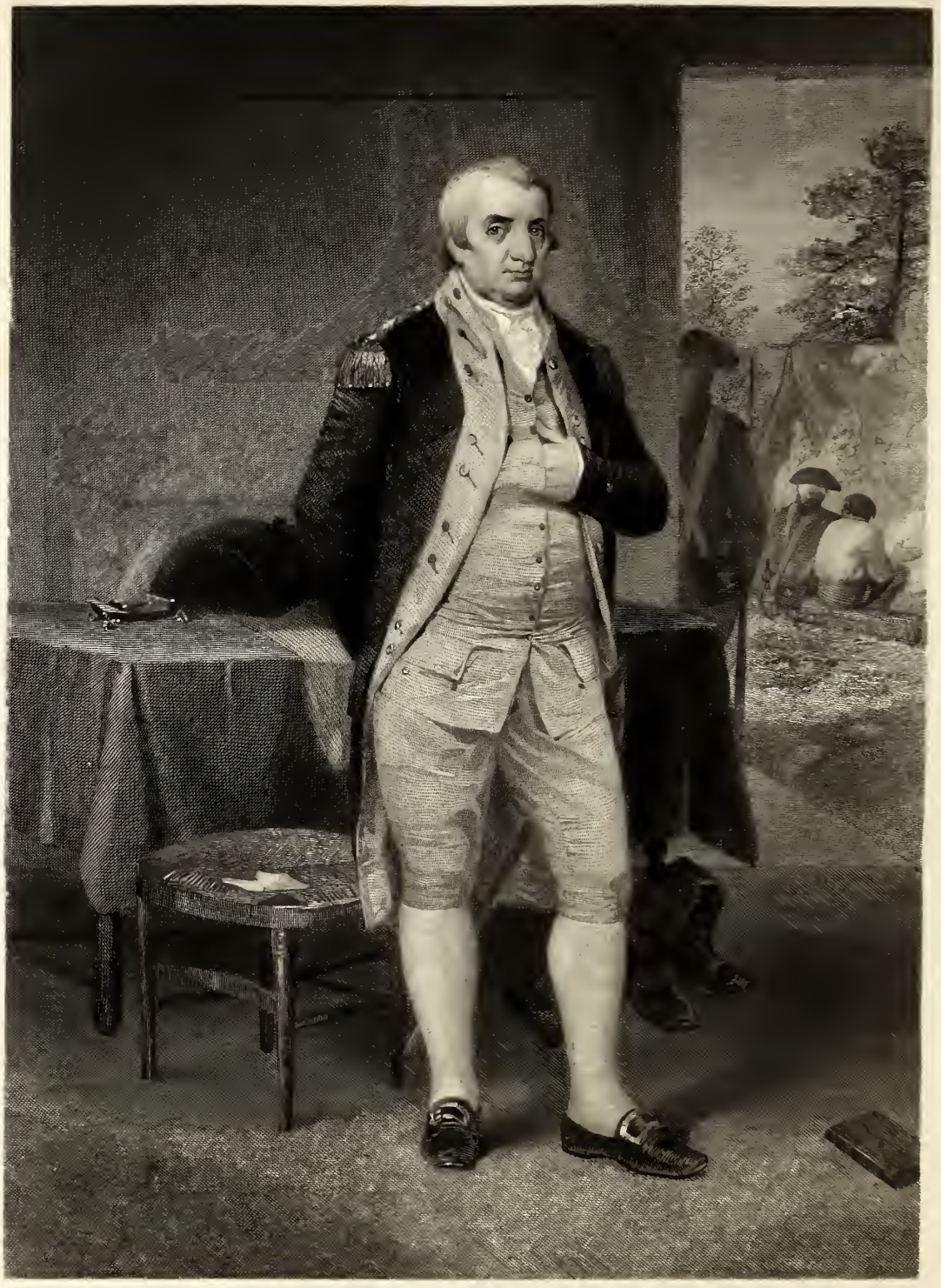

C. C. Pinckney

Boone and his party pursued their hunting and explorations through the summer and autumn till December, without meeting with an Indian. Then Boone and Stewart, one of his companions, were suddenly captured by a party of the savages on the bank of the Kentucky. After a few days of imprisonment, they effected their escape by night, and made their way, with difficulty, through the wilderness to the encampment, from which they had wandered. Their four associates were gone, to be seen no more in that quarter. Boone and his friend were left alone. Their ammunition now began to fail, and matters were looking serious, when they were surprised by the arrival of two men, one of whom turned out to be Boone's own brother, Squire, from North Carolina, bringing a welcome supply of powder and ball. It was well that he arrived, for shortly after, while Boone was out hunting with Stewart, the latter was picked off by an Indian, and scalped. The North Carolinian, also, who had accompanied Squire Boone, fell a prey to the perils of the region, and the two brothers were alone—a pair of Crusoes in the wilderness.

The winter was passed without interruption in their lodge, where they supported themselves by the chase, and clothed themselves, with hunter's craft, in the skins of the deer they slew. When spring came, the brothers parted, Squire towards the distant Yadkin in quest of supplies of ammunition, Boone to pursue his hunting alone, and solace himself as best he could in his solitary camp. For three months he was thus separated from human life. Boone had occasional suspicions of the presence of Indians during this time in his tourings about his Robinson Crusoe hut; but nothing of harm came of them. His brother reached him again at the end of July, with fresh supplies and horses, when they continued their explorations together, taking the range of the Cumberland River. They were, however, attracted anew to the Kentucky, which they resolved to make the scene of a permanent settlement. They consequently returned home, carrying what peltry they could, with the intention of bringing their families from North Carolina. "Daniel had been absent two years, during which time he had tasted neither bread nor salt, nor seen any other human being than his travelling companions and the Indians who had taken him prisoner."[1]

It was two years before the family arrangements were made for the exodus from North Carolina. Then, having disposed of his farm and property, in September, 1773, the two brothers, with their wives and children, set out on their patriarchal pilgrimage to the land of promise. They carried clothing and provisions on pack horses, and drove a herd of cows and swine to furnish refreshment by the way and stock their future settlement. They crossed the dividing ridge into Tennessee, and were on their way through Powell's Valley, where they were joined by a considerable addition of

[1] Life of Boone, by John M. Peck, in Sparks' American Biography.

five families and forty men, to the Cumberland Gap, when the rear-guard, in charge of the cattle, was suddenly fallen upon by a party of Indians. Six of the whites fell in this attack; among them, Boone's youngest son, James. This saddening misadventure arrested the movement of the expedition, which now retired to the settlements on Clinch River, in Virginia. There Boone was summoned in June, 1774, by Governor Dunmore, to traverse Kentucky, to relieve a surveying party, which had penetrated the country from the Ohio. He performed this adventurous duty in a journey of sixty-two days, in which he travelled on foot eight hundred miles.

Having thus been introduced to the government, his next employment also was of an official character. The Indians northwest of the Ohio, led by the famous Cornstalk, were now showing themselves hostile on the Virginia frontier. A considerable force was sent against them, and a battle was fought at the junction of the Kanawha and the Ohio. Boone was appointed captain, and commanded three contiguous garrisons on the frontier. The war being ended, he returned to his family on Clinch River. The emigrants who had been arrested *in transitu* on their route, held themselves in readiness for the remainder of the journey. This was expedited by an arrangement made by Boone with a company formed in North Carolina for purposes of settlement, by which he was employed as their negotiator with the Indians, and surveyor of the route which lay between the Holston and the valley of the Kentucky. This company had reached this region, or its neighborhood, when they were attacked by a party of Indians, and several killed and wounded. The expedition, however, persevered in its plans, and on the first of April, 1775, commenced building a fort on the Kentucky River, to which the name Boonesborough was given. It was a substantial work of hewn logs, with adjacent houses protected by stockades, quite defensible against the Indians. Having made this preparation, Boone returned for his family, and brought them in safety to the spot. His wife and daughters, he claimed, were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River.

The Indians did not relish the fort from the beginning. Though they made no onset at once, they were prowling about in the forest, watching their opportunity. In July, 1776, they succeeded in capturing a daughter of Boone, about fourteen years of age, who, with two female companions, ventured one afternoon in a canoe on the river. On the opposite shore they were caught by the Indians, who stealthily came out from the shrubbery on the bank, and turned their boat out of sight of the fort. Their shrieks were heard, but there was no other canoe at hand to overtake them. Boone being away, the pursuit could not be organized till his return in the evening. The next morning by daylight the trail was taken and pursued with difficulty, in consequence of the efforts of the savages at concealment. Thirty miles or more had been travelled, when they were overtaken at a halting-place, and so suddenly

pounced upon that the girls were safely recaptured.

The land speculators and their followers seem to have become somewhat disheartened by this mode of life, leaving the camp and defence to Boone and his genuine pioneers. Matters were not mended by the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, when that species of savage warfare was put in force by the British on the frontier, which roused the manly indignation of Chatham in the House of Commons. There were several forts and stations in Kentucky, but the force of all of them was not large. One hundred effective men, we are told by Boone, defended Boonesborough, Harrodsburgh, and Logan's Fort.

Boone was out with a party engaged in procuring salt at the Lower Blue Licks, on Licking River, in January, 1778, when a considerable body of Indians fell upon him as he was away from the camp, and took him prisoner. He saw at a glance that they were too numerous to resist, and that the best policy for the safety of his unprotected friends at the fort was submission. He was taken, as pleasantly as could be expected under the circumstances at that season of the year, by the savages, to the Indian town of Old Chillicothe, across the Ohio, and in the following March was conducted to Detroit, where he was treated with kindness by the British commander, Hamilton. This officer would have ransomed him from the Indians, and dismissed him on parole, but the barbarians found their captive far too accomplished a woodsman, and too good a fellow to part with. He was led back to Chillicothe, and adopted by Blackfish, a chief of the Shawnees, in place of a deceased son and warrior. He knew his captors well, fell in with their notions, and bided his time.

Initiated into the mysteries of savage life, Boone ingratiated himself with the fraternity by his habits and obedience. He was allowed to hunt, but each ball and charge of powder was to be accounted for in game. He split the balls and saved some of the powder to lay up a stock of ammunition against the time when he should be free. He followed the Indians in their journeys to the Salt Springs, where he labored for them. One day, finding that they were preparing for a descent upon Boonesborough, he determined to escape and give warning. He had a hundred and sixty miles to travel, but he accomplished it in five days. He had some jerked venison with him, and shot a turkey on the way. Fortunately, when he reached the Ohio, a canoe was at hand, which carried him across the swollen river to Kentucky. He then soon reached the fort, where he was little expected. He was in fact supposed to be safe in British keeping in Canada. His wife had given up looking for him, and returned to North Carolina.

The warning was now given by Boone, and the fort put in order for the attack, which promised to be a serious one. To effect a diversion, Boone, with a small party, made a foray into the enemy's country, and put a superior number to flight. In September, the foe came, four hundred and forty-four

Indians and a few Canadians, headed by Blackfish and Captain Duquesne; the latter for the British interest. The garrison was but sixty or seventy, but Boone determined not to surrender. He began, like a skilful commander, to gain time by a parley, while he got in the cattle and water for a siege. The British officers then proposed a treaty, which turned out to be an effort to entrap the negotiators, the chief men of the fort. Neither party being armed, the Indians grappled with their antagonists, but they had men who loved fight to deal with, and the contest was resumed from the fort. A little courage in storming might have carried it, but the besiegers preferred the safer arts of firing the roof and mining, in both of which they were disappointed. In fine, after nine days of this species of warfare, in which they had lost thirty-seven killed, Duquesne and his Indians took their departure. The result, of course, redounded greatly to the valor and skill of the defence and the excellence of the marksmen within the fort.

After this affair was over, Boone visited his family on the Yadkin. Looking to the settlement of the country in which he had labored, he mustered some twenty thousand dollars in paper money, with which to proceed to Richmond, to take out the necessary land warrants, of which he was unhappily robbed by the way. It was not fated that Boone should enjoy much fruit of his explorations. Fascinated, however, by the old scene, and undeterred by its toils or perils, he returned to Boonesborough in 1780. An incident which now occurred must have touched the heart of the old frontiersman to the quick. While returning from the Blue Licks with his brother, that companion of so many lonely privations and difficulties successfully overcome was killed by Indians lying in ambush, while he himself narrowly escaped their pursuit.

In the organization of the country which was now made by Virginia, which, it will be remembered, at that time exercised jurisdiction over the territory, Major Boone was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel for Lincoln County. The agitation of Indian fighting was kept up with various alarms. The history of Kentucky in that period, is the story of deadly encounters and hair-breadth escapes, of ingenious resources in warfare with a cunning and unscrupulous foe. One of the Indian acts of aggression was of more than ordinary scope, the attack by Simon Girty and his confederated bands of warriors upon Raddle's Station, just at the present Lexington. It was, however, met by craft equal to his own; and his forces suffered so, that he was obliged to raise the siege. Colonel Boone, with his brother, Samuel, and son, Israel, were at the head of the Boonesborough party, which joined the rest from different parts of the country in pursuit. They were entrapped in an ambuscade, when Boone, fighting valiantly, bore from the field in the retreat the body of his dying son. General Clark, the great military hero of Kentucky, then took the field in an incursion into the Indian country, across the Ohio, and drove the savages before

him, burning their towns and desolating the region.

This was the last great movement of the war. Peace was declared, and Boone rested for awhile in his pacific hunting and farming pursuits. When Kentucky was admitted as a State, in 1792, Boone's old North Carolina pest, the lawyers, from whom he had migrated in his youth, swarmed with the claimants of land titles. His property was assailed; he did his best to defend it by the aid of counsel, but he was stripped, and again turned westward, first resting on a farm in Virginia, at the mouth of the Kanawha. He then made, for those days, a great stretch, to upper Louisiana, where he settled in the country back of St. Louis, in quest of the receding dream of his youth. He had members of his family already there, two sons and a son-in-law. He was received with favor by the Spanish authorities, and appointed commandant of the Femme Osage district.

Boone had a valuable grant of land from the Spaniards, the title of which, on the delivery of the country to the United States, as usual in his affairs of the law, was pronounced defective. He had neglected to take the necessary means to perfect it before the Spanish authorities. He appealed to Kentucky to aid his memorial to Congress, which listened to his request, and established his title to a thousand arpents of land in the Missouri district, where he had first settled.

His later years were passed with his family, in comparative ease and comfort, though sadly invaded by the death of his wife, who was taken from him in 1813, having followed his hazardous fortunes through youth, manhood, and age. After this, death and a grave by her side, were habitually in his thoughts. He prepared a coffin for his burial at a spot above the Missouri, and there his remains were interred. His death took place September 26, 1820.

Such was the life of Daniel Boone, the strong pioneer of the wilderness, chequered by many vicissitudes and some sad trials, but proceeding ever straight on to its mark. He was like many others whom we are accustomed to associate with a rough frontier mode of life, eminently simple and moderate in his habits and manners. He was quiet and reserved, fond of the solitude of the forest; averse from the arts and intrigues of civilized man. The fresh air, the open sky, the scented woods, his faithful gun, were all that he asked of the world. His delight was in the company of nature, with nothing poetical or peculiarly reflective about him, but in the simple consciousness of strength and manhood. The domestic affections, doubtless, divided with him those emotions. He lived with his family, and often for a long time saw few others. His virtues were allied to his temperance and sobriety. He worshipped truth and honor, and left behind him at his death the ideal of the genuine man of the woods, in love with his employments, an enthusiast, subduing by his manliness all the rough hardships of the scene in which he was placed.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.

Of that honorable band of South Carolinians, men of birth and fortune, who stood forth at the outset of the Revolution, no one brought more accomplishments or a better zeal to the cause than Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. He was of an old family in the province, dating from an ancestor who came from England toward the end of the seventeenth century. A descendant of the latter—the old colonial chief justice, Charles Pinckney, of repute in his day—married his second wife, the daughter of a British officer, and governor of Antigua, and became the father of Charles Cotesworth, who came into the world at Charleston, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1746. Thomas, who also afterwards became greatly distinguished in the military and civil history of the country, was his younger brother by several years. The father, whose position gave him the best opportunity to value a good education, was determined that his sons should be in the way of possessing whatever advantage it might afford. He, according to the custom of the wealthy in the country, sent his sons to England for instruction. So thoroughly indeed was the chief justice impressed with the importance of this foreign education, that he left directions in his will that it must be secured at any price before the return home of his children, even if a part of his estate were to be sold to pay the expense.

The outlay, whatever it may have been, was not thrown away upon inefficient instructors. We read of the preparatory training of Charles—he was seven years old when he was taken to England—for five years previous to his entering Westminster school, then under the charge of Dr. Markham, afterwards Archbishop of York, and of his proceeding thence to Christ Church, Oxford, where no less a person than Cyril Jackson, the sub-preceptor of that virtuous prince who became George IV., was his private tutor.

At Oxford, Pinckney had the good fortune, in view of his future profession, of listening to the law lectures of the famous commentator, Blackstone, then employed in the delivery of those famous discourses at the University, which, on their publication, were to create a revolution in the study of the law, smoothing the way to future students, of the thorny path hitherto trod only in the bewildering pages of Coke and the old crabbed fathers. The first volume of the lectures was not published till 1765. Before he was eighteen, Pinckney had taken copious

notes of them from the instructor's lips, and thus armed, proceeded to eat his terms at the Temple, doubtless, while he added to his knowledge of the law, digesting also much that was to be fed upon, by a youth from America, in the society of London. Previous to returning home, in 1761, at the age of twenty-three, he travelled in France and Germany, and, what is well worth noting, enjoyed nine months instruction in the Royal Military Academy of Caen, in Normandy.

With these various accomplishments, he was well qualified to make a brilliant entrance upon provincial society. He began immediately the exercise of his profession, receiving his commission to practise in the beginning of 1770, and such we are told was the regard in which he was held by those in authority, that within three years he was appointed by Sir Edgerton Lee (his majesty's attorney-general of the Province), under a full and formal commission to act as his substitute on circuit in the District and Precinct Courts of Camden, Georgetown, and Cheraws. Such was the legal standing of Pinckney, when the first popular assembly met in South Carolina, in July, 1774, at the call of Massachusetts for a General Congress of the colonies. Deputies were sent to this body—Middleton, Gadsden, Lynch, and the two Rutledges, John and Edward—and on their return, the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, assembling from the different districts and parishes the choicest spirits of the colony, the men of wealth and intelligence, met for grave deliberation. Of this body, Charles Pinckney, honorably known in his military capacity, through the Revolution, and subsequently in civil life, was chosen President, and on its first organization of military officers, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney appears by the side of his brother Thomas, and Francis Marion, in the list of captains under Gadsden and Moultrie, in the two regiments raised by the people. We find him thereafter on duty, receiving the orders of Moultrie in preparing the harbor defences. His company was ordered, with that of Marion and others, to take possession of Fort Johnson, on James' Island, and we hear of his sagacity and vigilance in the recruiting service in North Carolina. His own State being relieved for a while from pressing military anxieties, by the injury done the British fleet in the gallant defence of Fort Sullivan by Moultrie, and the consequent withdrawal of the enemy, Pinckney presented himself at head-quarters to General Washington, and was with him as his aid at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. In the spring of the following year, he is again with the native defenders of South Carolina, taking part in the ill-starred movement of General Howe, to drive the enemy from Florida, and is subsequently actively engaged in the defence of his State.

On the arrival of the British fleet, in March, 1780, he was stationed, with three hundred men, in command of Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island. We expect," says Moultrie, in announcing to a friend the arrival of the enemy's vessels, "in a day or two, to see some smart firing between them and Fort Moultrie." This time, however, the

brilliant action of Fort Sullivan was not to be repeated. Admiral Arbuthnot, favored by wind and tide, sailed by the fort into the harbor, though not without serious loss from the bombardment by Colonel Pinckney. Numbers of the sailors were killed, and one of the vessels driven ashore to be destroyed by her men. Fort Moultrie had done its duty; its men were recalled, and Pinckney was with his fellow-citizens aiding in the last defence.

Colonel Pinckney, with his companions, now experienced the rigors of war in confinement at Haddrell's Point, the site of the fort opposite Sullivan's Island, and in the immediate neighborhood of Charleston. Neglected by their country—during thirteen months' captivity, they received but nine days pay, says Pinckney in a petition to Congress, drawn up for his fellow prisoners—and oppressed by the enemy, their hardships were extreme. So rigorous, in particular, was the confinement of Pinckney, whom every effort was made to withdraw from his allegiance to his native land, that once, when he was allowed to visit Charleston on an express certificate from his physician that his health required the indulgence, he was compelled, at the end of the fourth day, to return to his place of confinement, though his son had died in the city during his visit, and was then lying unburied. Such inhumanity, like the imprisonment of Laurens in the Tower of London, was better calculated to strengthen resistance than to overcome it. He was finally exchanged toward the close of the war, in February, 1782, and, in November of the following year, was honored with the brevet rank of Brigadier General.

General Pinckney now concentrated his attention upon the practice of his profession, which had become somewhat a matter of necessity, his fortunes having suffered—it was never otherwise with the patriots—during the war. It is related, much to his credit, that he adopted a course of great simplicity in his practice of the law, facilitating not only the understanding of his clients, but also the imperfect education of the younger members of the bar. He was liberal and generous, even chivalric, in undertaking the cause of the widow and the fatherless, and prospered accordingly, his income reaching the respectable sum, for the time and place, of four thousand guineas. It was, perhaps, offering little temptation to a gentleman so situated, reaping the rewards of study and honorable activity at home, surrounded by friends, but he was doubtless gratified with the compliment from Washington, when the tender came of a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, to fill the place of John Rutledge, its presiding judge. The offer was made, in a letter from the President in May, 1791, jointly to him and Edward Rutledge, and declined, on modest patriotic grounds, by both. They thought they "could be of more real advantage to the General Government, and to their own State government, by remaining in the legislature, than they could possibly be by accepting any office under either which fills the public eye with the appearance

of being lucrative."[1] Such was the tenderness of the old—the first—school of politicians, on appearing before the public with the odor of lucre on their hands. Again Washington, in January, 1794, though in full recollection of the joint refusal he had received nearly three years before, makes a second application to General Pinckney to become the successor of General Knox as Secretary of War. It was not merely, it should be added, an officer for the department whom the President wanted, but a sufficient member of his cabinet, who would think and act with an honorable devotion to the administration—a condition which, in Washington's judgment, required a lofty disinterestedness as well as high order of ability. An appeal like this must have been difficult indeed to resist, and it was only on private grounds, to the "mortification" of the person to whom it was addressed, that refusal was made. Yet once more Washington called upon Pinckney, this time offering the secretaryship of State on the vacancy, in 1795, occasioned by the withdrawal of Edmund Randolph, and again the necessities of his private affairs stood in the way.

A fourth time the appeal was made, and at last successfully. In a letter dated Mount Vernon, July, 1796, the last year of his Presidency, Washington calls upon his old friend to accept the position of Minister Plenipotentiary at Paris. The selection of Pinckney, at this time, as the successor of Monroe, who was recalled under an implied censure of lack of zeal and earnestness in representing the foreign policy of the administration, involved many points of nice consideration. A man of honor, of independence, to whom country was more than party, was required, and Pinckney, of all others, was that man.

He saw the path of duty plainly open before him, hastened to his work, immediately repairing to Philadelphia, and thence set sail for Bordeaux. He arrived in Paris in December, and reported himself to the minister for foreign affairs, by whom he was coldly received, the Directory looking upon his appointment with suspicion, as unfriendly to the interests of the country, while Monroe, who was supposed to represent an ill-defined but powerful influence outside of his government, was dismissed, with special compliments and courtesy. It appears to have been the settled policy of France, at this time, to conduct, or attempt to conduct, its negotiations, with America by intrigue. In the irregularities of their own revolutionary administration, they found means of agitation which they were disposed to transplant beyond the Atlantic, and which, indeed, were not without supporters in America. But all such arts were foreign to the true genius of the government presided over by Washington. Here there was one legitimate channel for the transaction of diplomacy, which was ever open for honest ends. The administration was ready to receive any just complaints or to answer any misconceptions. Certainly nothing could be more impartial than the foreign department. It was more

[1] Sparks' Washington, X. 165.

—it was patient to excess. Pinckney was particularly charged to make every explanation of matters which should have needed none to restore the impaired confidence between the two countries. The Directory, however, was too unreasonable to listen to argument, and the ambassador was denied even a hearing. He was informed, that not being accredited as a minister, he was, as a stranger, not entitled to reside in Paris, and this, after he had been received by their minister for Foreign Affairs. Nearly two months were passed by Pinckney in patient submission in the receipt of offensive messages from the office of state, till a positive communication in writing having been made to him, reminding him of the positive law that strangers should quit the territory of the Republic, he took his departure for Holland. The news of these insulting proceedings was well calculated to rouse all thinking people at home. But forbearance, long exercised, was not yet at an end. The old services of France were not forgotten, and everything consistent with honor, it was felt, should be tried in the interests of peace. It was resolved by the Government to send such an embassy to France as should compel a hearing by its obvious fairness. President Adams, accordingly, looking to conciliation, chose from different portions of the country representative men of the highest character to be joined in the legation. The South was already represented in Pinckney; John Marshall was united with him from Virginia, and Francis Dana from Massachusetts. Their appointment bears date May 31, 1797, and states the object of the mission to be "to dissipate umbrages, remove prejudices, rectify errors, and adjust all differences by a treaty between the two powers." Dana declining, Elbridge Gerry was substituted in his place. The parties joined one another in Holland, and in October were in Paris together ready to proceed with the negotiation. The Directory was still in power, with no change of principles, though with new agents. This time the outdoor management of foreign affairs was in the hands of the wily Talleyrand. Then began a new system of delays, conducted by his agents, gentlemen of Paris, X, Y and Z, as their names were disguised, in the famous dispatch of the ministers, giving an account of the proceedings. There were various interviews, but the burden of all was alike —a loan from the United States and a gratuity of twelve hundred thousand livres for the members of the Directory. These preliminaries arranged, the negotiations might proceed. Both, it is hardly necessary to say, were distasteful to such commissioners as Marshall and his associates. A loan would be a violation of neutrality as between England and France, and for the bribe, it was simply an insulting proposition, to be rejected with scorn. The French negotiators were plainly informed it was inadmissible. "Millions for defence, not a cent for tribute," was the sentiment of Pinckney, which rang through America when the proposition was fully understood by the people. Months were passed in

these humiliating discussions with Talleyrand, without the ministers being presented to the Directory, when they finally took their departure, leaving Gerry for a short time to the sinister attentions of the minister, till he was recalled by the President. Pinckney remained for awhile in the south of France, for the sake of his daughter's health, and in October arrived at New York on his return. He was met by a warm letter of congratulation from Washington, dated Mount Vernon, inviting him to make that hospitable retreat a "halting-place" for himself and his family. He received, also, immediately on his arrival, news of a more permanent relation to his old military chieftain, in his appointment as one of the major-generals in the army being raised in consequence of the threatened conflict with France. Washington, it will be remembered, in accepting the position of commander-in-chief, reserved the nomination of his chief officers and selected Hamilton, Pinckney, and Knox, in the order we have given them. Knox, who had no inclination to waive his old revolutionary rank, refused to serve under Hamilton, whom Washington considered indispensable, in that position, to the cause; and there was fear of similar reluctance on the score of military etiquette from Pinckney. This was not, however, the nature of the man. A few hours after he arrived at the Hudson, he heard of the nominations, with the doubt expressed whether he would accept the inferior rank, when he immediately "applauded the discernment" which had placed Hamilton at the head, sent him word "rejoicing at his appointment, and that he would with pleasure serve under him."[1] He also proffered the indignant Knox his own second place on the list of major-generals. Pinckney entered on his duties in the southern department, reconnoitering the seaboard to Florida, the seat of his old campaigning under Howe.

The war rumors and preparations passed over without hostilities, but Hamilton did not forget the courtesy of his old friend, as he manifested in his effort to secure his election to the Presidency, when he was placed in 1800 on the Federal ticket with Adams. It was a parting national compliment to his patriotism and love of the Constitution, of which he had been one of the framers in the National Convention, and a valuable supporter in his own State.

There, in South Carolina, in the midst of a new generation, living in the enjoyment of the blessings which he and his companions in arms and politics had dearly purchased for them, he passed the remainder of a life protracted beyond the usual limits. In the practice of a liberal hospitality on his wealthy estate, of earnest religious culture, in the enjoyment of his books and his philosophical apparatus—there are few more pleasing subjects of contemplation in the chequered lives of the founders of the Republic than the old age of General Pinckney. His death took place at Charleston, August 16th, 1825, in his eightieth year.

[1] Letter in Sparks' Washington, XI. 551.

NATHANAEL GREENE.

With the generation that survived the Revolution, which had lived through its perils and tasted the joys and depressions of its fluctuating fortunes, which had learnt its knowledge of affairs, and to apply its tests of character in the accurate school of experience, there was one guiding light upon which the eye was ever directed, the fidelity and judgment of Washington. Men came to be estimated by his standard; and faithfulness to the country and the State became synonymous with faithfulness to Washington. We have heard of old men of that era summing up their convictions of particular actors of the time, with the expressive sentence, as a conclusion of the argument, which admitted of no cavil, "Sir, he stood high in the opinion of General Washington." The words have become almost proverbial. To none have they been more frequently or more deservedly applied than to the subject of this sketch.

Nathanael Greene, the Major-General of the Revolution, was born on the 27th May, 1742, in the State of Rhode Island, at a spot in Warwick County, near the head waters of the Potowhommett, a small stream emptying into Narragansett Bay. The family were among the earliest settlers of the colony, following almost immediately the lead of Roger Williams. In the third generation, we find Nathanael Greene living at the place we have described, proprietor of a forge and a mill, worked by the waters of the river, uniting to these industrial pursuits, the calling of a Quaker preacher. The duties of this ministry were not likely to be very exacting, compared with the requisitions of the modern pulpit, or at all to interfere with the ordinary business of the week. If we may judge, however, from the home influences of the preacher, they were not inefficiently performed. We find his son, of whom we are about to give an account, trained in sound Biblical precepts, and early disposed to a profitable use of the mental acquisitions with which nature had endowed him. The boy's taste for learning and means taken for its attainment, indeed, entitle him to a place among those who have honorably distinguished themselves in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He had some aid from a teacher in his father's house, but more from himself. He acquired something of Latin, and seized upon mathematical studies with eagerness. His prize of a copy of Euclid, purchased with the pocket-money acquired

by the sale of anchors and other little toys of his manufacture, was no common boyish acquisition. It indicated a faculty which would stamp the character of the man. He studied the book in the intervals of labor in his father's forge. While the iron was heating in the fire, his mind was being tempered to the issues of life.

An accidental acquaintance, formed at this time with the learned Dr. Stiles, of Yale College memory, then settled in his ministry at Newport, was of service in the youth's development. The ardent young student had also about this time the good fortune to meet with another old American worthy and ardent votary of letters, Lindley Murray, of grammatical memory, to whom he paid a visit at New York. Watts' Logic and Locke on the Understanding, we are told, were the favorite volumes of the young disciple.

It must not be supposed with all this, that the youth was acquiring the habits of a pedant. Though he spent every leisure moment with his books, and was bent upon adding to the shelves of the little library, so dear to him as the product of his self-denial, he was a vigorous youth among youths; very fond, indeed, of gaiety, considering his Quaker parentage. A passion for dancing seems to have been as strong in him as his love for learning.

Whatever came in this youth's way, furnished material for his mental improvement. When a lawsuit was entailed upon the family, he acquired a respectable knowledge of the profession for the sake of defending the invaded property. In the same way, when the war with the parent country was impending, and it became evident that the colonists must defend themselves, he applied himself vigorously to the study of military affairs, turning over the leaves of his favorite Turenne, Cæsar, and Plutarch for the purpose. Subsequently, on a visit to Boston, after the arrival of the British troops, he studied their exercises, and smuggled away a military suit with a British deserter, to teach his Rhode Island company the use of arms. The pursuit was not at all to be reconciled to Quaker tenets. Dancing was offensive enough to the eyes of the fraternity, but gun and sword were unendurable enormities. The young Greene was read out of meeting. We do not find, however, that his youthful spirits were greatly impaired by the excommunication, for he immediately set to work and danced himself into the good graces of Miss Littlefield, of Block Island, whom he met at the mansion of his relative, Governor Greene. He married this lady in 1774, and took her to his home in Coventry, where he had been established by his father as the director of a mill. This place became indebted to him for its first public school, and conscious of his capacity for public service, had returned him in 1770 to the General Assembly.

At the date of the battle of Lexington, Greene was about thirty-three years of age, already distinguished in the militia organization of the State, and trained in its public councils. When the general mustering took place, the Assembly, which knew him

well, appointed him to the command of the State troops, with the rank of Major General. On the arrival of the commander-in-chief at Cambridge, he exchanged this dignity for the colonial appointment of brigadier-general in the national service. Greene, whose Rhode Island encampment made a favorable impression in the midst of the motley array before Boston, appears at once to have entered into the good graces of Washington, who doubtless saw in him the material for a statesman as well as a soldier. His personal appearance at this time was striking. There was little opportunity for brilliant service in the leaguer at Boston; but a more stirring field was opened on the departure of the British, when Greene was ordered to New York, and took up his position at the important post opposite to the city on Long Island. He had reconnoitered the position, and was busily intent upon protecting its approaches before the landing of the British troops, when he was prostrated by a severe attack of fever, which compelled him to relinquish the command. It was given temporarily to General Sullivan, and then to Putnam. The outposts were neglected, the enemy advanced in force, there was some gallant fighting, but the day was lost.

Major General Greene—he was now promoted to this rank—recovered from his illness in time to take an active part in the American retreat through Westchester. He was in action at Harlem, and would have defended Fort Washington, on the Hudson, to the last; he made what resistance he could to Cornwallis on the opposite shore, and accompanied Washington in the retreat through the Jerseys, and was in important command in the attacks upon Trenton and Princeton. At the Brandywine he was stationed with his corps as a reserve, and gallantly preserved the safety of the retreat, opening his columns to the fugitives, and maintaining a Parthian fight with the enemy, till he was able to meet them at an advantageous position, on fair terms, when his bravery repaired to some extent the fortunes of the day. The attack upon Germantown followed, when the left wing was intrusted to Greene. Though he was not so early on the spot as Wayne, in consequence of being assigned a less direct route, he showed equal gallantry in penetrating to the centre of the village. This boldly-planned adventure, it is well known, was lost by the detention of the troops before Chew's house, when they should have been breaking up the enemy's encampment, and by the inexplicable panic into which they were somehow thrown in the confusion of the day. Upon Greene again fell, as at the Brandywine, the arduous labors of the retreat. He once more saved the army from defeat.

His administrative talents were now called into requisition in the discharge of the duties of the office of Quartermaster General, which he accepted at the entreaty of Washington and the Committee of Congress, with the understanding that he should not sacrifice by the position his right of command in the army. He accepted the laborious duty with a full sense of its unrewarded services. Washington respected his motives, admired his efficiency, and on

his retirement from the office in 1780, uttered a strong expression of approbation. A liberal interpretation was put upon his rank, and he was assigned, according to his wish, a command in the next engagement. It was the battle of Monmouth, when he led the right wing and took a well chosen position, which he sustained with great gallantry against the attacks of the enemy. His courage and admirable disposition, with the like bravery of Wayne, sustained the exertions of Washington in retrieving the retreat of Lee in the early part of the day, and converted a defeat into what may be fairly regarded as a victory.

His next military command was in the siege operations under General Sullivan, in coöperation with the French fleet, directed for the recovery of Newport. It was ground with which Greene was perfectly familiar, and he was chosen for the purpose. Positions were taken to the north of the island; the fleet of D'Estaing entered the harbor, and there was a fair prospect of success, when Lord Howe, arriving with his fleet off the harbor, the French went out to meet him. The engagement was hindered by a prodigious storm, which also greatly disconcerted the land force. D'Estaing, instead of returning victorious to Newport, put in with his troops to refit at Boston. The Americans were balked of their promised assistance, and after lingering on the island to the last, were compelled to make good their retreat. Greene again stood at bay, and maintained the honor of the field in the retiring action. It was Greene's destiny to stand in the way of defeat, and turn the tide of battle. At Springfield, in New Jersey, in June, 1780, with a small force, he withstood the attack of Knyphausen with superior numbers. There, says Hamilton, you might behold "the veteran at the head of a veteran army, baffled and almost beaten by a general without an army—aided, or rather embarrassed, by small fugitive bodies of volunteer militia, the mimicry of soldiership." The volunteers, however, gave a good account of themselves that day.

In September, Greene was called to preside at the head of the board of general officers, summoned for the trial of Major Andre, and shortly after was in command in the vacant place of Arnold at West Point. He had hardly seated himself there when he was summoned by Washington, to whom the appointment had been specially intrusted by Congress, to the command of the Southern army, as the successor of Gates, after the disastrous battle of Camden. In his "Instructions," Washington commits the conduct of the war to Greene's prudence and judgment. Both were needed for his coming work. It was an undertaking of delicacy and peril, which would have disheartened a less discreet or persevering commander. The British forces were in possession of both Georgia and South Carolina; the issues of numerous encounters had been in their favor; they had been successful against Frenchmen and Americans united: in three campaigns they had been victorious, and remained masters of the field. Savannah had first fallen into their hands; Charleston,

once preserved by Rutledge and Moultrie, had yielded to the overwhelming pressure of Clinton; then came the savage forays of Tarleton, rousing the fiery spirit of Marion and Sumpter, who waited their hour of victory; Gates added the splendors of his triumph at Saratoga to the trophies of the enemy at Camden; Sumpter was driven after the flying major-general. There was but one star visible in the universal darkness, but that witnessed the presence of a host in the heavens. King's Mountain told its tale of the elements of resistance in the hearts and arms of a stalwart, uncorrupted yeomanry. If there were a hundred such men as fought against Ferguson at that mountain region, why not thousands? It was a hint to Cornwallis, which he did not disregard; to Greene it was an encouragement, and proof of final success.

He arrived, in the beginning of December, at Charlotte, where Gates had collected his broken forces, a scant body of some two thousand men, more than half of whom were militia, for the most part badly clothed, and destitute of the ordinary provisions and military supplies. His first duty was to take possession of the command, and bring the officer whom he superseded to trial. He found Gates overwhelmed with the added affliction of the loss of his son. But the chivalrous heart of Greene needed not this appeal to soften his conduct. He bore himself with so much courtesy and delicacy, that the heart of the fallen general was sensibly touched, and a warm friendship between the two took the place of the seemingly inevitable enmity. Greene gained no laurels in the field more glorious than this noble courtesy of the camp.

Greene's survey of his position was anything but encouraging. All was to be done at a disadvantage. It was sorry campaigning with a half-starved, half-naked army, in a disaffected country, swarming with Tories, and cut up in all directions with swamps and creeks. It was, however, the work before him, and he turned to it. Helping himself as best he could, assisted by the arrangements which he had made on his way for recruits from Virginia, and putting his forces in as good military condition as possible, he made a division of his army into two parts. Advancing into South Carolina, he took up a position on the Pedee, while he sent Morgan in a command on a flank movement, to the region of the hardy population which had assembled at King's Mountain. The enemy at Winnsboro was thus placed in an intermediate position between the two divisions. Tarleton was sent by Cornwallis in pursuit of Morgan, and was driving him before him with his usual impetuosity, when the Virginian made a stand with his gallant force, and defeated his pushing adversary in the brilliant action of Cowpens. This brought Cornwallis in pursuit of the victor. The war now in fact became a running contest; the combat was turned into an olympian race. Cornwallis stripped his army of all superfluities, and was close on the heels of Morgan at the Catawba; but the gallant rifleman was before him, and